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The Courant

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# The Courant

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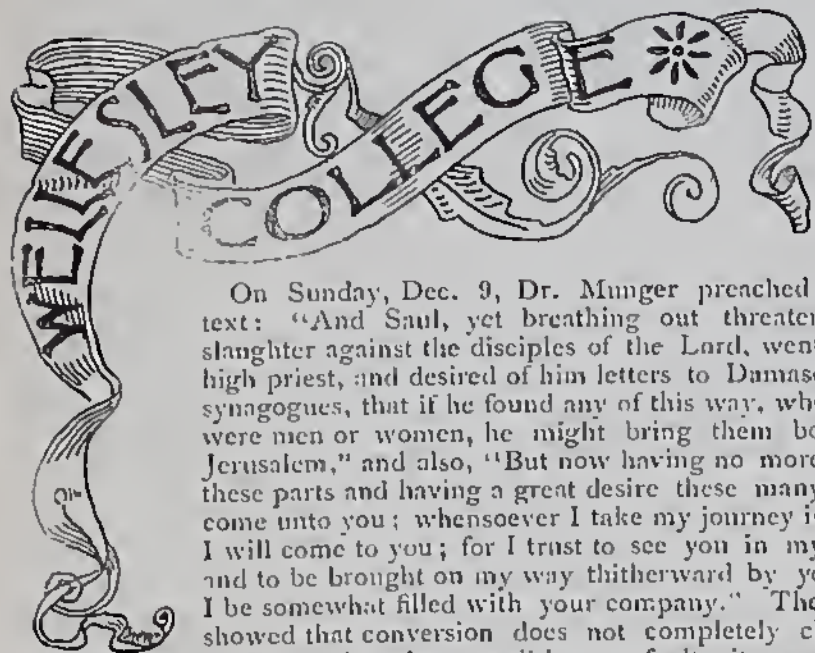
# The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 13.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



On Sunday, Dec. 9, Dr. Munger preached from the text: "And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem," and also, "But now having no more place in these parts and having a great desire these many years to come unto you; whosoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you; for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you, if first I be somewhat filled with your company." The preacher showed that conversion does not completely change the natural qualities. Even when these qualities are faults, it cannot wholly free us from them. It can only turn us about and set us in the way of escape. After evening prayer Miss Middickaufl played for the Postlude "Quis Est Homo" from the Stabat Mater by Rossini.

The afternoon prayer-meeting at Stone Hall took for its subject the text: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God." Prayer-meetings were held in the evening by the different Bible sections.

## The Christian Association.

The subject for the regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting of Dec. 6 was from I John 4:16: "He that abideth in love abideth in God."

## Concert, December 10.

By the lovers of music in the college, Mr. Faelten is warmly appreciated. His touch is peculiarly clear and "pearly" and he shows his power chiefly by controlling it and evoking from his instrument tones of exquisite delicacy.

Those who heard him on Monday night were not disappointed. The program was especially adapted to show his beauties of style. The music was perhaps throughout a trifle sombre, except in the brilliant little Gigue and Impromptu by Hiller, but its sadness was not depressing; it was too full of repose to make that impression. The chief characteristic of the Rondo in A minor was its melancholy grace. The Variations and Fugue by Beethoven were the chief features of the program. Mr. Faelten showed his remarkable flexibility and complete mastery in his rendering of the swiftly changing moods of the music. The selections from Schumann were exquisite. "At Eve" had all the charm of the hour when the sun has set, the faint glow of the sky is reflected from the lake, the crescent moon slowly brightens and the stars come out one by one. "Dream Fancies" seemed in truth a chase of merry fairies, playing their wild dainty pranks to the astonishment and delight of sleeping mortals. The rendition of Chopin's Ballade in A flat was received with special enthusiasm. As Mr. Faelten played it, it had a touch of mystical unworlly beauty that ordinary performers cannot give to it. The concert was closed by Mr. Faelten's own brilliant rhapsody founded on themes drawn from Scottish folk-songs.

### PROGRAM.

- BACH. Overture. From the 22d Cantata. Transcribed by St. Saens.  
MOZART. Rondo. A minor.  
BEETHOVEN. Variations and Fugue. E flat, Op. 35.  
Allegretto vivace—Largo—  
Allegro con brio—Andante con moto.  
The bass of the theme—the same with another voice—the same with two other voices—the same with three other voices—Theme and Fifteen Variations—Finale, Fugue of three voices—Coda.  
SCHUMANN. Why?—Dream-Fancies.  
From Op. 12.  
CHOPIN. Ballade. A flat. Op. 47.  
MILLER. a) Gigue. A minor. Op. 81, No. 4.  
b) Impromptu. A major. Op. 144, No. 3.  
FAELTEN. Scotch rhapsody. (Variations on Scotch folk-songs.)  
D minor. M. S.

## "The Sleeping Car" at The Freeman.

After reading the discussion in the COURANT of Dec. 7 and feeling profoundly impressed thereby with the breathless haste, the unremitting pressure, the fever-madness of Wellesley life, it was a glad re-assurance to every truant, whether from the dark mines of knowledge or the airy table-lands of culture, to discover last Saturday evening, as she entered The Freeman's hospitable halls, a cloud of unabashed Wellesley faces upturned to the curtain. We hold it of good omen that so non-classical and non-transcendental an attraction as fun still has power over the devotees of the Higher Education. While there is laughter there is hope.

By way of preparing our minds for the vicissitudes of vacation travel, Mr. Howell's farce of "The Sleeping Car" had been skilfully adapted for Wellesley representation by Miss Gilman and, as we studied the program given below, our expectations rose high:

FREEMAN HALL, DEC. 8, 1888.

At eight o'clock will be acted a farce in three scenes, written by W. D. Howells, and adapted by M. K. Gilman.

### THE SLEEPING CAR.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Mr. Roberts. Miss Dingly  
Willis Campbell. Miss Clement  
Californian. Miss Magone  
Conductor. Miss Conant  
Porter. Miss Pinney  
Mrs. Roberts. Miss Stuart  
Aunt Mary. Miss Godfrey

- SCENE I.—One side of a sleeping car on B. & A. R. R.  
SCENE II.—At Worcester where train makes its usual stop.  
SCENE III.—At South Framingham.

The Orchestra under Miss James will play:

- I. Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz. Strauss  
II. Joy of the Wanderer. Ahl  
III. Soldier's Farewell. Kinkel  
Doors open at 7.30.

But our eyes were soon drawn from the programs by the entrance of—what? Double quartette of belated butterflies? Eight perambulating rainbows? Wrong again. The Orchestra. We applauded them vigorously, for their appearance, though dazzling, was comely, and their music—that was comely, too. We can say unreservedly that the music was excellent of its kind and the enthusiasm of the musicians unsurpassed.

Our ears were scarcely recovered from this onslaught of melody when, by shrill whistles behind the curtain and the zealous pounding of the domestic dray, we were apprized that the night express was thundering into the station. The lifted curtain revealed to us the manifest interior of a sleeping car, with Aunt Mary and Mrs. Roberts in mid conversational

career. But how, all night long, the voluble Mrs. Roberts called down upon her much-astonished and rueful little head the irate sarcasms of her invisible fellow-passengers, how Aunt Mary, like the majestic old lady that she was, finally ascended by the back of the porter to her upper berth, how this same porter, having rubbed his poor shoulders, limped off to a corner and proceeded to black the extreme toe of a shoe so enormous as to suggest the suspicion that Cinderella had turned the tables and stolen the Prince's foot-gear, how the stately conductor went his rounds with a genuine lantern under his arm and cotton-wool snowflakes sewed on cap and coat, what plights and pickles resulted from Mrs. Roberts' besetting propensity to forget her berth, how the sprightly Mr. Roberts came on board at Worcester to commit any blunders his wife hadn't, how the Californian,—"eight feet in his stockings, and he's always in them,"—aroused again and again to be hailed as wife, baby, old pal, etc., preserved his sleepy and chivalrous good humor to the end, how the buoyant Willis turned up with his tell-tale valise at South Framingham, how the curtained chorus sustained its ironic accompaniment throughout, and how the baby was so far from taking after his mamma that he never once so much as crowed,—all this should have been seen to be appreciated. The well-pleased audience frequently interrupted the dialogue by clapping and laughter, called the stars—the entire constellation of dramatis personae—before the curtain, encored the orchestra and found their only fault in that the train was a fast express and reached its destination all too soon.

## At Mrs. Lovewell's.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

HANDEL.

### PROGRAMME.

1. Arabesque—Meyer-Holman. Miss Bennett
2. Life of Handel. Miss Look
3. "Angels ever bright and fair."—Handel. Mrs. Chadwick
4. Largo—Handel. Mrs. Lovewell
5. Works of Handel. Miss Ingalls
6. The Messiah.
  - a. "O thou that tellest good tidings" Miss Roberts
  - b. "O death where is thy sting" Duo Miss Roberts
  - c. "For behold darkness shall cover the earth" Mr. Morse
  - d. "Rejoice greatly" Mrs. Chadwick
  - e. Pastoral.
  - f. "He shall feed His flock" Miss Roberts
  - g. "Come unto Him" Mrs. Chadwick
  - h. "He was despised" Miss Roberts
  - i. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" Mrs. Lovewell
  - j. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" Mrs. Chadwick
  - k. "The trumpet shall sound" Mr. Morse

The Arabesque played with much expression by Miss Bennett was a fitting introduction to the programme.

Miss Look gave a very interesting biographical sketch, and Miss Ingalls' paper contained a remarkably fine analysis of the Messiah. The prominent feature of the evening was the full illustration of the Messiah. Thanks are especially due to Miss Roberts and Mr. Morse for their excellent renditions, while Mr. Lovewell's Hallelujah Chorus was all that could be desired.

Among the thirty or more guests present were Miss Eastman and Miss Smith of Dana Hall, Dr. Barker, Mrs. Jones and Miss Temple of The Eliot, Miss Metcalf, the Misses Rollins and Mr. Dana.

## Prof. Cohn's Second Lecture, Dec. 1.

### SUBJECT: FEUDAL CHANSONS DE GESTE.

#### HOMER AND VIRGIL IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Prof. Cohn most agreeably disappointed his audience in his second lecture, for although, as he said, the subject of Feudal Chansons de Geste and their decadence is not so interesting a topic for discussion as the Origin of French Epic Poetry, yet by his fine treatment of the theme, the last lecture was made, if possible, more thoroughly enjoyable than the first. Beginning with the Feudal Chansons de Geste he broadly characterized them as charming, interesting, essentially French, but not grand like the Chanson de Roland, which, in fact, could no longer be called only a French epic, but had become the property of all nations. He first noticed the decreasing importance of Charlemagne in these French war poems. In the Chanson de Roland we find the greatest respect, awe and love for Charlemagne displayed. Only the traitor dares speak disrespectfully to him, and these words are purposely put in his mouth to breed horror of him in the minds of the listeners; but in the later poems, noticeably in the Chanson de Renand de Montauban, the hero, the man to be admired, is the man who speaks shamefully to Charlemagne, who kills the great Emperor's son, and who is represented as engaging in a personal combat with Charles and overcoming him. A great decrease of personal importance in the character of Charlemagne is here noticed, as in the Chanson de Roland he is represented as not even engaging in battle except when the hosts of Islam are arrayed against him. Prof. Cohn explained this great change by defining Feudalism, which, he said, although theoretically an advocate for rulers of the people, was practically hostile to an over-lord, and as proof of this we find that the 12th and 13th centuries were filled with struggles between the people and the king,—struggles in which the king was always worsted.

One important characteristic of the Feudal Chansons de Geste is that they present to us the moral ideas of the Middle Ages.

The character of the Chansons changed with that of the people, and as they become more inquiring the Chansons satisfied their curiosity by discussing not only the heroes themselves, but their ancestors, childhood, etc. In this connection Prof. Cohn related the story of "Berthe aux Grands Pieds," the mother of Charlemagne. The Gestes remained popular until the 15th century.

Prof. Cohn introduced the subject of the position of Homer and Virgil in the Middle Ages by saying that the appetite of the people was not satisfied with the stories of their heroes, so often repeated, and the Trouvères, being obliged to seek new subjects, went to classical literature for them. Although Homer was only a name and Virgil but little read and remembered during the Middle Ages, still the subjects of which they wrote were very popular, as shown by the large number of works founded on them.

The Siege of Troy was a very popular theme and two important chronicles of it were written; one by Dares the Phrygian, the other by Dictys the Cretan. We have also "The Siege of Troy," by Benoit de Sainte Maure, which has in it more traces of Dares than of Dictys. The reason for this is that Dares describes the defeat of the Trojans, and the French, along with nearly all nations of Europe, being most eager to be considered descendants of the Trojans, incline most to the story whereby they can prove their Trojan origin.

The poem of Alexander, which has given the name to the twelve-syllabled verse, was one of the most popular of all the Feudal Chansons.

## The Dawes Bill.

The key to the solution of the Indian question has long been considered to lie in an arrangement of their lands which should abolish the tribal title, give the ownership of reasonable quantities of land to individ-

ual Indians, and throw open all the rest to settlers. As the country has grown, it has come to pass that the Indians are in the midst of our settlements. People look with longing eyes over the fertile reservations and unused fields of the Indians, from which they are shut out. It has been for some time evident that these large tracts must be opened, that the tribal relations must be broken up and the Indian given the advantages of ownership of land. For these reasons there was general rejoicing among earnest friends of the Indian when the Dawes Land in Severalty Bill became a law of the land Feb. 8, 1887. In this bill the Government for the first time distinctly recognizes the manhood of the Indian and provides a crooked means by which he can become a citizen of this Republic.

The bill deals with two subjects, the ownership of land and citizenship. It disposes of all civil and political disabilities of the majority of the Indians and grants them land in separate ownership. It gives them a chance to secure permanent homes. Prof. Painter has given a very concise summary of the bill. He says: "The bill provides

(a) That when the President thinks best to do so, he shall allot the Indians their land in severalty and when this is done they are citizens of the United States, and the laws of the State or Territory in which they reside are extended over them.

(b) That when an individual Indian whose tribe refuses to do so, or before the rest do so, asks for an allotment, it shall be made and he become a citizen of the United States.

(c) That when the President thinks it best he may, in case a tribe refuses to do so, allot their lands to them."

The allotments to the Indians may take but a small part of the reservation. The law therefore authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to purchase from the Indians all the surplus lands. The money thus obtained is held by the Government for the education of that tribe.

The bill has been condemned as a bill to rob the Indians, but to the friends of the Indians it seems the only practical way to save their lands. It proposes to substitute for the vague title existing under the tribal system a patent which cannot be taken from an Indian excepting by the same constitutional process by which any citizen's land is taken for public uses. The land is secured to them by a provision that the Indian owner of land in severalty cannot sell his land for twenty-five years. He is thus protected alike against his own ignorance and the greed of the white man.

The law cannot reach all these results at once. Even if it is rapidly put into force, it will take many years before it accomplishes its purposes. Some tribes are not sufficiently advanced to accept this new order of things. It would be a grave mistake to give them citizenship too early, for when this is done Congress can no longer give them any special protection. There remains therefore as much need as ever of earnest workers among the Indians, but they have now what they have not had before, opportunity for hopeful work.

## Four Sonnets.

The students of the College well remember Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant and her brief, inspiring visit here last spring, but the full extent of our indebtedness to that welcome guest has only lately been revealed. We all heard her eloquent address one fair Sabbath evening in May. A few of us saw her an hour later, as she stood in the silent and deserted chapel, leaning from an open window and watching with enthusiastic pleasure the splendor of the Northern Lights. When we left her—and it was well that we left her soon—there rose in her heart and flowed from her pen two sonnets, one picturing the beauty of the scene and one interpreting its messages of joy and faith. We all heard Mrs. Chant's earnest words in chapel Monday morning. It was but one of us who, the happy possessor of the most exclusive of wee small boats, rowed this distinguished passenger about the lake for the half-hour after the service, until the coach-call summoned and the western-bound train claimed its own. But the music of Waban lingers in those two other sonnets,—the voice of farewell and the voice of blessing. These four sonnets Mrs. Chant presents to the students of the College, and for the benefit of Wellesley students, through the channel of the Aid Society. They are now on sale in the book-store. Mrs. Goodwin, a long-proved friend of Wellesley, has spared no pains in giving the poems a fitting frame-work. These little, ribbon-tied books are as white and delicate as the thought which gave them being. A portrait of Mrs. Chant forms a picturesque frontispiece and a favorite view of the College stands between the two groups of sonnets. Price 25 cents.

### SOUVENIR OF WELLESLEY.

A little book, interesting to all dwellers in Wellesley past and present, has been issued this week by Messrs. Fuller and Stevens, two young men of the town. It has the name, Souvenir of Wellesley, upon its title-page and is in the usual style of holiday gift-books. Its appearance, as we turn the pages, is most attractive, for the paper is good, the style clear and the thirty illustrations, which face as many pages of printed matter, are well chosen and carefully executed. Two thirds of the printed pages and illustrations are given to the College. The Commencement poem of '86 "The College Beautiful," is followed by a brief history of the foundation and growth of the College, with a description of the various buildings, including the Art Building and the new cottage. The remaining pages are given to a sketch of the town and an old time "Legend of Wellesley" by "K. K.," the riddle of whose initials we would like to solve and know who among us understands so well the art of story-telling.

The publishers have received much help in their work from Mrs. Durant and other friends of the College, and in consideration of this fact part of the proceeds are to be given to the Students' Aid Society.

The book is published in two forms: Fancy Card Board tied with ribbon, \$1.00; Cloth and Gold with bevelled edges, \$1.25. It is for sale at the bookstore; all orders from outside should be sent to Stevens and Fuller, Publishers, P. O. Box 142, Wellesley, Mass.

### "THE MUSICIAN'S CALENDAR." COMPILED BY FRANK E. MORSE.

Mr. Morse's novel idea of a Musician's Calendar, which first appeared last Christmas, has been re-embodied this year very charmingly and forms a most pleasing New Year's gift. The card on which the calendar hangs is somewhat smaller than last year's, and is covered with a very pretty musical design in rich brown. The leaflets, of which there is one for each week, are of cream paper, the dates, days, quotations and notes of musical interest being printed in brown, making an harmonious color effect. The little calendar is a perfect encyclopedia of musical knowledge and is most valuable both to the musician and litterateur. Price 50 cts. For sale in the book store.

Any subscriber failing to receive the paper is requested to notify as promptly as possible Mr. Chas. D. Howard, Natick, Mass. Late subscribers, who have paid the full subscription price and who desire the earlier numbers to complete the file, will lose no time in sending their names, with the dates desired, to Mr. Howard. The September and October editions are now exhausted, but to those who make regular application reprints will be issued in the early summer.

## TAKE NOTICE.

All College subscribers who desire an early reading of the next three numbers of the COURANT are asked to slip stamped wrappers, directed with vacation addresses, under the long-suffering door of Room 18.



ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.

That the majority of college girls read the principal magazines with some degree of regularity is a fact patent to any one who has studied in our library. The various monthlies are always scattered far from their places long before noon, and are lying open—"at the stories generally," says an observing student. However this may be, certain it is that girls may hourly be seen buried in magazines and concentrating their minds on subjects having no direct bearing upon their regular work.

Frequently people deprecate this "waste of energy" as they call it, thinking it better for the student to read in her special lines and not to burden her mind with too many subjects. Carried to excess the practice would doubtless injure a girl's scholarship, but a moderate amount of general reading serves to keep her out of the ruts and to render her alive to something beside the histories and sciences which she may be studying. The Junior who recently complained as she left the dinner table: "I've heard nothing but Sophomore Literature for the last hour," might not be alone in her complaint if we devoted all our spare moments in the library to our special subjects. We lead, on the whole, an isolated life. We think and talk principally about our daily interests of work and recreation. We rarely read the newspapers and, if we do, political events and current news are not the soul of the world, and little but these can be gleaned from cursory glances at an ordinary newspaper.

We are constantly learning what has been done in other times to civilize and cultivate the nations of the earth. Our courses in history and literature are daily reminders to us of the grandeur and beauty of past ages. We learn to take wide views of these. We comprehend in one brief glance all the history of England for a hundred years, all the literature for five hundred. We live at once too much and too little in the centuries that are behind us. We forget that history is being made now, and we forget that the history of those old times was made day by day.

We spend hours in working up Napoleon's Campaign in Russia, or Frederick's relations with Catherine, and are quite indifferent to the vast Russia of to-day blindly struggling for light. We rattle off the dates of Louis Fourteenth's reign, and are heedless of the curious social phenomena that letters unearthed from the dust of many decades are bringing to our scrutiny. We are unconcerned, I repeat, in regard to these matters, unless we keep some run of modern magazines, and learn to read them at once with eagerness and discrimination. And surely we cannot afford to be ignorant of the life-throes of a modern empire, if we know its history from of old, nor is it a useless lesson in human nature to see the men and women of the time of Louis as they appeared in private life. The historical books we have time to read are generalizing in character and deficient in detail. It is in the magazines, taken up at odd moments, that we find bits of history giving us food for many a half hour of genuine thought. If our college course means any thing, it means that we have learned to think, and not merely to imbibe facts as a child imbibes bread and milk, and the sooner we begin to think, the sooner are we outgrowing our childhood and becoming women indeed.

The social questions frequently discussed in the magazines are fraught with interest to us all. We have no time to study out their bearings by ourselves, while the discussion of them with our friends has a broadening influence we can ill afford to lose. The magazines furnish us with the ground of our knowledge on these subjects, and quickness and originality are cultivated by our impromptu debates.

To be a "grind" is an end in life with few Wellesley students. One of the few recently astonished some classmates by confessing that she had not heard of "Robert Elsmere." Without the stimulus of reviews and criticisms more of us might say the same thing, and certainly it is not well for us to live so much out of the world as to be ignorant of the thoughts and actions stirring in it. We want something of the impetus of modern life in our own life, and often we can grasp it in the magazines. They are the mirrors of public thought, and it is worth while to know what are the thoughts of the People. When we become a part of it, in a sense that we can not realize while only students, we shall find it speaking a different language from ours unless we keep in touch with its life.

It may seem necessary to class the stories as pleasurable but not profitable reading. To the student who has diverted her weary mind and satisfied her sense of analysis over "The Lion" or "The Aspern Papers," I leave this question. She will doubtless continue to read such charming fiction, whatever she may conclude as to its usefulness. Pleasure for its own sake might be an ample excuse.

As a summary of the matter, it seems safe to say that the magazine is an important element in our life and that it might be made more important, without injurious results, with judicious use doing for our minds what gymnastics do for our bodies,—providing rest and refreshment by a change of attitude.

## A Final Word.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Something is wrong. In the general scheme of the college life, in the demands of the teachers, or in the interpretation of the scholars, somewhere there are mistakes which need to be righted.

So much may assuredly be gathered from the comments on the article "Quality versus Quantity," in the *Courant* of Nov. 19. Of the thirteen rejoinders to that article, nine agree in recognizing the evil; one insists with a certain tone of heroic conviction that a "determined effort" may secure work without worry; the remaining three take up another point, apart from the main issue. The consensus of opinion seems to be that life in Wellesley College is "a rush from morning till night," and that in this rush a sense of leisure for independent thought is impossible to attain.

Pause an instant to note how curiously anomalous is this condition of things. Imagine such a condition prevailing at Harvard, or at any of the foreign universities. What new element is introduced into college life when that life is lived by young women instead of young men?

Theory, however, is not to the point. All the speakers in the last *Courant* have the merit of being practical. They grant the evil: let us see what difficulties they perceive in the way of a remedy.

One speaker says that so many delightful studies are offered that the temptation to overcrowd is nearly irresistible. Here, the answer is obvious. Sacrifice is the law of life; of life intellectual as of life moral. The modern woman cannot take all knowledge to be her province. The question is simply where to draw the line, and the place to draw it is at the point where knowledge ceases to be a necessity for the normal development of the nature, and becomes instead a luxury for the mere gratification of the nature. Straight and narrow is the onward road to Truth, admitting few excursions into enticing by-paths. Where so much must be left unexplored at every turn, throughout the long life-journey, a little more or less will not matter at the end. Many girls take their college course like the Englishman his first visit to America. "Yes, I'm going home next week on the return trip of the steamer. Shall have five days in the states. I mean to do Boston, go on to New York, then down to Philadelphia and Washington, and back to Niagara Falls, don't you know." Quite possible, but does it "pay"?

Objection Second. Deeply felt, if one may judge from frequency of repetition: "But we don't dare fail in our recitations." Alas! alas! Is college a place for the learning of lessons? Or for the acquisition of truth? How long does a woman continue a school-girl?

Some method must exist for gauging the progress of the student. And it is doubtless desirable that the student should as a rule follow the broad lines of work indicated. That work is probably laid out more wisely than she would have laid it, with a juster view to proportions. One would be sorry to see our students emulating the example of a Browning Club in a recent clever story. The poem under discussion was the "Old Masters in Florence," which begins with the lines:

"The more when first it thunders in March,  
The swifter in the point gives a leap, they say."

and the august assembly spent the two hours of its session in the consideration of eels. The young student, if left to herself, has a certain tendency to confine her attention to eels. There must be limit to her laudable curiosity. The teacher must know where she stands, how she is spending her time, and the most obvious way to gain this knowledge is through the recitation. But as the student grows more mature, she may surely be trusted, if she has been well taught, to distribute her powers with wisdom. More and more the recitation will assume the form, not of the repeating of lessons, but of intelligent discussion of the theme. Some measure of the students' work there must be; but advanced work cannot be measured from day to day. A longer sweep is essential. Examinations, occasional papers, special topics—in these the real calibre of the student is seen. Many universities reject recitations altogether, except in the form of Seminars. So radical a change may not be wise, but the same spirit is among

us. The conscientious and earnest student may be sure that she is judged by the general tone of her work, and that occasional ignorance in detail will not be likely to condemn her in the eyes of her teacher.

Objection third. The college girl is destined to become a public school teacher. As she is to end, therefore, so let her begin.

Premise and conclusion alike might be questioned. But we must hurry on. Only, if the College girl wishes to remain a public school teacher to the end of her—presumably short—activity, let her yield herself in college to the nervous pressure which will leave her at the end of her four years with exhausted vitality and stifled brains.

Finally: We must meet the requirements of the college. More is demanded than we can possibly perform with leisure. Therefore, life must be a rush, study must be superficial, and to hold up before us a placid and smiling and utterly unattainable ideal of peace and thoughtfulness and every thing attractive is simply to add insult to injury.

Here, if the premise is correct, the logic is unanswerable, or would be were it not for one little fact. College conditions, college laws, are not, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. They yield, in the long run, to the reasonable necessities and demands of the students.

Do all the finer and more scholarly girls elect the minimum of hours per week that the College is willing to receive? If not, they have no right to complain of the requirements of the college. Let them restrict themselves; then, by degrees, will be formed a healthful public sentiment, which will emphasize growth in thought rather than growth in knowledge at the end of the student years. The girl who crowds her work will come to be regarded, not as ambitious, but as ignorant, and the girl who takes little will be recognized as actuated by intellectual enthusiasm both true and wise. If then, even this minimum should prove too much, should demand more than eight hours' work a day, and render impossible the calm "adjustment of the humblest duties to the highest ideals," it will be time to enquire more radically. But that time has not come yet.

One word in conclusion. Several writers in the last *Courant*, touching only incidentally on the question of hurry, dwell on the place of outside interests in the college life. The issue demands separate treatment; there is no room for it here. Be it said simply that in the article of Nov. 9 there was no intention to urge the pursuit of superficial cleverness and the disregard of systematic conditions. The plea was rather for a wider interpretation of these conditions, and for the perception of the existence of worthy interests outside the college curriculum. Real culture consists in the ability to escape one's own centre with instantaneous sympathy. Books, art, conversation are means to this, and means doubtless unnecessary for some favored spirits, valuable, however, to the majority. If we must choose between the girl who talks fluently and the girl who spends her time in real study, give us the latter by all that is true! But is the choice essential? Does "real study" result by inexorable law in complacent rigidity? There is such a thing as compromise, and two ideals have been known to unite in forming a beautiful and symmetrical whole.

## Translation Of Prologue In Heaven.

Faust.

E. L. B., '89.

RAPHAEL.

Through the singing of the planets  
Rolls the music of the sun,  
Ends with thunder peal the journey  
God-appointed he has run:  
Angels stronger grow with gazing  
At his strange and awesome power,  
And Creation's works are glorious  
As at their beginning hour.

GABRIEL.

Swift and swifter far than thinking  
Turns around earth's glory bright;  
Change the golden lights of heaven  
For the horror of deep night.  
While the sea from rock foundations  
Foams with wild impetuous force  
And with rocks is carried onward  
In the spheres' eternal course.

MICHAEL.

And the storms in mad confusion  
Wildly rage on sea and land,  
Forging chains of fiery forces  
By the might of their strong hand.  
And a gleam of bright destruction  
Dazzling lights the thunder's way.  
But thy servants praise forever  
The soft dawning of thy day.

ALL.

Angels stronger grow with gazing  
At thy strange and awesome power,  
All Creation's works are glorious  
As at their beginning hour.

## "Government of the People, by the People, for the People."

EDITH WILKINSON, '88.

The campaign is over—but the next has already begun. We women must be taking our places without delay and making ready for the battle. We do not ourselves cast ballots, it is true. But we have breathed in vain the inspiring atmosphere of our dear Wellesley if we have failed to realize the tremendous power that lies within the reach of college women, and if we have failed to be impressed with a deep sense of responsibility for the very fullest attainment and exercise of that power in the service of God and of our country. It is none too soon, now that the facts brought out in this last presidential campaign are at our command, for us to be deciding in what direction that influence, which during the next four years we can make felt by thousands of voters, shall tend. Wherever and whenever there is a great moral issue at stake, the Wellesley influence ought to be "solid" on the side of righteousness.

That there is a great moral issue at stake in American politics, no thoughtful patriot will deny. It is the question whether the American people, 50,000,000 strong, shall govern themselves, or shall submit to be governed by their 200,000 saloon-keepers. That this issue transcends in national importance every other issue, even the New York *Tribune* implies, in the following forcible words, made more forcible by the fact of their coming from a violently partisan Republican paper:

"There is to-day in the English-speaking countries no such tremendous, far-reaching, vital question as that of drunkenness. In its implications and effects it overshadows all else. It is impossible to examine any subject connected with the progress, the civilization, the physical well-being, the religious condition of the masses, without encountering this monstrous evil. It lies at the centre of all social and political mischief."

Clearly exposed to our view is this hideous monster which is preying upon our society. No longer skulking in secret, it walks abroad and everywhere obtrudes itself in all its gigantic proportions upon the public gaze. How shall it be met and overthrown? Does there exist in our land a political organization through which honest men may vote directly against the rapacity and tyranny of this liquor traffic, this traffic which without exaggeration may properly be branded as hellish? If there were none such, it would be the duty of all loyal citizens to start one. But there is already existing such an organization. It is called the Prohibition party. Just what the Prohibition party aims to accomplish, and why the Prohibition party should be supported by all honest citizens, I shall try to show as completely as is consistent with the degree of brevity which I must necessarily impose upon this paper.

First, then, as to the aim of the Prohibition party, I cannot do better than to quote directly from the platform some of the distinguishing resolutions.

1. That the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages should be made public crimes, and prohibited as such.  
2. That such prohibition must be secured through amendments to our National and State Constitutions, enforced by adequate laws adequately supported by administrative authority; and to this end the organization of the Prohibition party is imperatively demanded in State and Nation.  
3. That any form of license, taxation or regulation of the liquor traffic is contrary to good government.  
4. Recognizing and declaring that prohibition of the liquor traffic has become the dominant issue in national politics, we invite to full party fellowship all those who, on this one dominant issue, are with us agreed, in the full belief that this party can and will remove sectional differences, promote national unity and ensure the best welfare of our entire land.

It is sometimes said by their assailants, "Prohibitionists are opposed to restriction. They say free selling until we can have absolute prohibition." This is not true; we have the authority of the chief organ of the

Prohibition party, namely *The Voice*, to the contrary. *The Voice*, Oct. 18, 1888, says:

"They [Prohibitionists] are in favor of Prohibition by slice or crumb, provided it is Prohibition. They believe in closing the saloons on Sunday, at midnight, on election days, forbidding them within 300 feet of churches or schoolhouses in our cities, within a mile, two miles or ten miles in the country. There is not a truly restrictive law on the statute books more than to any other one man is due the present restrictive law of that State. Life and Mr. Vail did most effective work on the Committee of Citizens, and both are Prohibitionists."

It is already perhaps sufficiently clear what the Prohibitionists are working for. Let me now present some of the reasons why they should receive the universal support of patriotic citizens.

1. The liquor traffic is incomparably the greatest curse that has ever been visited upon our country.

2. While social and educational means may do much in individual cases to check the drinking habit, political measures alone will be effective in suppressing the traffic.

3. The Prohibition party has been organized expressly to fight this vile traffic and break its power.

4. Neither of the old parties even tries to decrease that dreadful power. They are both already themselves helpless in its grip. The Democratic party lays no claim to a temperance policy. The Republican—must we say it of the "Grand Old Party?"—circulated (the evidence in *The Voice* of Oct. 11, 18 and 25, 1888, is overwhelming) through its National Committee, by the hundred thousand among the German voters, a liquor document in German, from which the following are sample extracts (in translation):

"Harrison as well as Morton came from States in which the German influence has prevented all earnest Prohibition efforts, and on this question they are above all doubts. If elected, they will stick to their platform, which declares for Personal Liberty, and, like Greeley, spit upon the empty temperance resolution which is not a part of the platform."

"The moral of this is, that the German voters in each State must ally themselves with that party which is the least infected with this temperance contagion; and in Missouri (where this document was published), and so far as national politics is concerned, that party is the Republican."

5. High License has been proved by trial to be not only a dead failure as a means of lessening the drinking evil, but one of the most effective hindrances that have ever been placed in the way of temperance reform. I have selected for presentation out of the abundance of the available proof on this point one piece of testimony only. But this testimony is of such a nature as to make it for thoughtful minds, were it to stand before them quite alone, nearly conclusive. It consists of a letter written confidentially by a distiller, giving, for the benefit of liquor dealers in a distant State, his observations as to the effect of High License on the trade. This writer is a man of wide information on the subject, for he is the president of a distillery company which, according to the New York *Sen.*, has the most extensive distilleries in the United States. He is, therefore, also directly interested in the largest possible consumption of liquor. He has had the advantage, besides, of thirty years' experience in the business, and of seven years' under High License—and that too in a State where the license fee (\$1000) is more than three times as high as was proposed for New York State. This man, thus qualified, writing not for publication but confidentially to friends in the trade, giving not his opinion as to what would probably be the result of an untried law, but his experience after seven years' trial as to what had actually been the result, says:

OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 7, 1888.

To Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 31st, in regard to Prohibition, is at hand and carefully noted. I would answer your questions as you put them as follows:

1. High License has not hurt our business, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it as well as to the people generally.

2. I believe somewhat, as you say the Cincinnati *Volkblatt* says, that High License acts as a bar against Prohibition. It is especially so in this State, as the tax from the license goes toward supporting the schools, thereby relieving the citizens of just so much tax that they would otherwise have to pay, and is therefore especially beneficial to the poor and laboring classes. It also gives the business more of a tone and legal standing, and places it in the hands of a better class of people.

3. I do not think that High License lessens the quantity of liquor used, but places it to fewer and better hands with better regularity.

4. As to the trial of repealing the High License law, if the question was left to it, I do not think, as far as my acquaintance is concerned, that it would do so. I have an extensive acquaintance through this State, and I believe if it were put to a vote of the liquor-dealers and saloon men whether it should be High License, no license or low license, that they would almost unanimously be for High License.

5. I would be in favor of High License rather than trust to the non-enforcement of the law under Prohibition. We have had a great deal of business in the State of Iowa, both before it was Prohibition and since, and we can say positively that there is very little satisfaction in doing business in that State now. It is like running a railroad under ground. You don't know where you are going or what is ahead. In all my experience, of ten years in Iowa before the temperance movement, and twenty years' experience since previous to High License and since, I believe that High License is one of the grandest laws for the liquor traffic, and for men interested as well as people at large, there is. The only objection we have here is that the regulations are not more strictly enforced than they are. I do not believe we would have any Prohibition people in our State if our High License law was more rigidly enforced.

I enclose you herewith a copy of our State Law regulating the liquor business, which will give you an idea of the kind of law we have. Anything I can do for you at any time, please command me.

Yours truly,

PETER E. ILER, President.

Every sentence in this remarkable document is full of significance. Every sentence is worth a long and attentive study. The truth of every statement is amply confirmed by facts gathered from hundreds of places scattered throughout all parts of our Union. I will, after all, quote under this head just one more opinion, this time from Ex-Mayor Low of Brooklyn, who, in speaking against High License, declares:

"So far as my judgment goes, a High License system, while the discretionary power of the Excise Board is retained, will produce worse evils of a political character than we suffer from now. The evil effects which spring from the liquor traffic bear no relation whatever to the number of saloons to be found in a given locality."

Is it not time that we awake from our dream and strip off once for all the mask from this friend of liquor named High License, who under the guise of a temperance reformer with credentials signed by prominent liquor dealers, is going about to fortify and enlarge the strongholds of iniquity?

6. The issue must be a national one, for, according to the recent *obiter dictum* of the Supreme Court of the United States, no State may, since the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law, forbid the importation into it from another State of liquor in the original packages. This decision will go far toward rendering State Prohibition for the future comparatively ineffective as a means of suppressing the saloon. We must have National Prohibition, if we are to have Prohibition actually enforced.

7. The issue, when fairly joined, between the Prohibition party and the saloon, will do away with the sectional division of the country into North and South. It will also well-nigh settle the "Negro Problem" by obliterating the color line in politics. For North and South, white and black, will no longer be "solid." The good men of both North and South, of the white race and the negroes, will all make common cause against the arch-enemy of all.

8. The liquor whose exportation to Africa and to other foreign lands we permit, is working a damage of which all our missionaries, with all their efforts, can never undo one-thousandth part. Seven hundred thousand gallons of rum go yearly to Africa from Boston alone. How long shall this infamous business be permitted to go on? Of what use is it that we contribute with one hand toward sending our few missionaries to Africa, while at the same time with the other hand we withhold the ballot which, by declaring for the prohibition of the "manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages," would tend to make this abominable international crime impossible?

Will it not be a glorious achievement when our land, first among the nations of the earth, shall from ocean to ocean be freed from the incubus of crime and misery weighing now with crushing force upon her as the consequence of the liquor traffic? We are few, less than 500,000 voters among 10,000,000. But we are mighty, for God is on our side; and "one on the side of God is a working majority." When we hear it said, "The Prohibitionists are throwing away their votes," we may answer, "Why? Because they are a minority? What great reform ever sprang into being with a full-grown majority to support it from the start? Does a minority never grow to be a majority? Would it ever grow to be a majority if it were not willing to remain for many a day a minority? But even if we Prohibitionists were never to become a majority, still our votes would not in our eyes be thrown away. We are, in this crisis, of one mind with Dr. Bushnell, who in the days of the anti-slavery contest, said:

"In the case of moral evils, if you choose either, you are implicated before God in the guilt. A vote is by no means thrown away because it is not in the majority. Give it in as a token of incorruptible principle. Our pollsters are now our greatest immorality, and what is most of all fearful is sweeps through the Church of God and taints the very disciples of the Redeemer."

We are willing to forego a share in the meaningless victories of to-day, that we may help to bring about the glorious victories of to-morrow. Victory will surely be ours if we have faith in God; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Perhaps of all sombre paths, that on which we go back after treading it with a strong resolution is the one the one that most severely tests the fervor of renunciation.—George Eliot.

The greatest hero is the man who does his best and signally fails, and yet is not embittered by the failure.



## IN THE LAND OF SCOTT.

J. A. E.

To the American tourist in England and Scotland few things are more surprising than the fact that many things do not surprise him at all. Patrick Bronte as a boy in the rectory at Haworth is said to have made himself so familiar by means of maps with the byways of London as to render him a reliable guide in the obscure streets, and many a traveller from New England coming out of the railway tunnel into the light of an Edinburgh day, finds himself starting up Princes Street, past the familiar Scott monument toward the scarcely less familiar Castle almost as confidently as in Boston he would proceed from the Providence Station to the State House. Such is the familiarity with the old world that photography has given to the inhabitants of the new.

As you come down from the north into England, and through the windows of the express train, catch glimpses of a city upon a wide plain, a city with three mighty minster towers rising in the midst and dominating all the outlying land, you need no guide of book or word to tell you where you are. There is a sudden thrill of recognition as you exclaim, "This is York, and there is the Minster!"

The picture will scarcely be clearer in your mind to-morrow than it was yesterday; but there will be certain new realities. It may be that you will hear in imagination as you wake of a winter night, the chime of the minster bells striking the hours and the quarters, as they do to-night and all nights,—a solemn music above the sleeping town. You never heard that, never fancied that you heard it before you went to England.

All this is apace of Sterling and of the summer day, July the fourth in the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, (while the American people at home were celebrating their National Independence for the one hundred and twelfth time) when two representatives of that nation arrived shivering at the Hotel Royal in Sterling, and asked for a room where a fire could be kindled at once. How cold it was and how cold they were.

They had that day sailed up Loch Lomond in a wind like the wind of the autumnal equinox in Vermont. They had halted for luncheon at Stronachlachar, where the bill of fare had been as tempting as "the funeral baked meats" which "coldly furnished forth the marriage tables" of the royal Danes. They had inquired with a spasmodic Harry-Gill intonation. "Can we have a cup of hot tea?"

"Ten, madam? Yes, madam, but," and the features and voice of the Stronachlachar waiter indicated the conviction born of wide experience, "but, madam, a little whiskey would be far better for you."

After Stronachlachar comes the lovely Loch Katrine with Ellen's Isle in the midst and

"The great round hills like sleeping kings" the railway, the Scotch villages here and there, and then the train circles round the base of a wooded steep toward a fortified height and then the old picture familiar from childhood "materializes" in the rock and wall and tower of Sterling Castle.

It is a steep incline from the town up to the gate which is beyond the grass-grown moat. Upon the opposite side of the castle, bluff and wall give a sheer perpendicular of three hundred and fifty feet down to the plain. This is the stronghold which for three months resisted the attacks of Edward the First with the whole English army at his back, assisted by all the besieging engines of the Tower of London. Surrendering at length, it was won back by Robert Bruce ten years later at the victory of Bannockburn. The battle-field may be seen from the castle wall, and within the gate stands the Bruce himself in bronze. "His monument," the guide explains, "but Scotland is his real monument!"

You advance up the paved way and under the grim arch. The sentry pacing slowly up and down is in the uniform of the Highlanders, bare as to the knees and much be-plumed as to the head. Silence and empty spaces are all about. Only clusters of tourists, your own compatriots mostly, group themselves here and there on the stone pavements and under the over-shadowing walls. You bethink yourself of the royal retinues which thronged in and out these gates in the old days, the gorgeous and glittering pageants in the time of the Jameses, the fair perfidious Stuarts, the brave Douglasses, the fine ladies and stalwart knights whose "swords were rust" long before Plymouth Rock rose into prominence.

The guide points out a low door in the masonry of the gray wall on your right. "That was Roderick Dhu's cell. He died there. Over there in the chapel James the Sixth was baptised by John Knox. He was James the First of England, you know?" with a definite accent of interrogation. He is not quite sure whether or not this fact in history may or may not have reached those ends of the earth from which you are come. "On this side is the palace. Mary Stuart lived here many years."

Poor Queen Mary, where did she not live! No place from Carlisle round to Peterboro where she came to rest at last (for twenty-five years, until her son removed her body to the tomb in Westminster Abbey), no place is without its tradition of her faulty, but fascinating personality.

Between the frowning walls, you are led onward. The faces of stone monsters from the palace eaves scowl down upon you with scowls which are fast crumbling, like the hands that centuries ago wrought their grotesque carvings, into dust. Presently from beneath another arch you come out into a small garden surrounded by solid masonry. White plox and sweet alyssum scent the morning air. A tree shades the steps by which you ascend to the top of the battlements.

Below you lies "the vale of fair Menteith." North and east are the Ochil Hills. Clear against the western sky stands out the blue pyramid of Ben Lomond. The wooded slope yonder is Abbey Craig and the monument the summit of which towers seven hundred feet above the valley is the Wallace Memorial. Every hill top has its historical tradition. All is so old that the railway train gliding in the distance round the base of the Craig seems an anachronism.

A mile away may be discerned the towers of Cambus Kenneth Abbey. The Douglass, you remember in the Lady of the Lake, came thence to Sterling. You fancy you see him now, a powerful figure, a little bent and having white hair, climbing the steep, the hound, Lutra, following close behind. Ellen, Fitz-James, the Graeme,—all these draw near, grouping themselves in this old palace of the Scottish Kings, and all the while the guide is droning on with the story that you have paid him to tell, but which you are not bound to heed. Why should any voice of the Present be heard when a hundred voices of the mighty Past are coming up from every height around and from all the widespread plain below you?

Throughout Scotland three names are heard continually. Every guide has something to relate of Queen Mary, of Prince Charlie or of "Sir Walter." The characters of Scott are mentioned with the same respect that is accorded to historic verities. At Edinburgh your driver points out Holyrood and in the same breath the cottage of David Deans. He shows you the Queen's Drive, laid out for Mary Stuart, and then indicates the cairn where Jeanie Deans went to meet her sister's lover. Here in Edinburgh you read the old novels and find "The Heart of Midlothian, The Abbot and The Monastery" revitalized amid the scenes where they were created.

We climbed the hill and saw "Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone," a ruin no longer, but restored recently by the kindness of that grand old man, "the member for Midlothian," Mr. Gladstone.

We went up Castle street to find a certain old house devoted now to business offices, having a marble bust over the door, the bust of Sir Walter Scott. Here he lived and toiled for many years. It was here that he wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward" and "St. Rensha's Well" and much beside. It was to this house that he brought Pet Marjorie that snowy night in "the neck of his plaid," and in the garden there behind the house he buried his old dog Camp, refusing on that sad day an invitation to dine out because he had "lost a dear old friend."

Many strangers go to Abbotsford, and there from the wide windows of the drawing room look out on "Tyved's fair river broad and deep." Many cross the river and stand under the great gray ruin of Dryburgh, above the grave where Scott sleeps with his fathers, but for some cause, the house here in Edinburgh "Castle street, No. 39" seemed to bring him nearer than any other place.

It was the late afternoon of a July day. The sun was just going down and a warm light was lying out on the waters of the Firth and a crimson glow was touching the summits of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crag. Between "the mountain and the flood" the shadows were lengthening above the city from Calton Hill to the Castle. And we stood there, two pilgrims from a land that Scott never saw, and crooned over to ourselves snatches of the old poems which children learn and gray-haired men love, recalling last of all the fine ending of the Lady of the Lake.

"Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending!"

"And now 'tis silent all! Enchantress, fare thee well!"

The next morning we turned our backs on Edinburgh and set our faces southward to the blue line of the Cheviot Hills.

## On Reading Poe's "Ligeia."

MARION FELTON GUILD, '80.

Behold a lonely turret chamber, hung  
With gleaming tapestries, whereon are wrought  
Dark arabesques, that mock the gazer's thought,  
By subtle change to demon-shapes. High swung,  
A lamp of twisted gold, with many a tongue  
Of serpent flame. Swift apparitions, caught  
And prisoned fast in carven ebony. Naught  
Save leaden windows, whence no light is wrung.  
What means this horror of enchanted gloom?  
O wizard-poet, what this sound of woe?  
This weird, low music that the wailing wind  
Sweeps ever round the ever-darkening room?  
Behold, the open mystery doth show  
The haunted chamber of the poet's mind!"

—The Literary World, '80.

## FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

VIII.

### On The Rhine.

RITTY PAYNE JONES, '84.

The beginning of our German tour was also the beginning of our second moon abroad. A month earlier, from the deck of an ocean steamer, we had nightly studied Luna's golden disc to find the beautiful child's face said to be there. Now, after weeks spent in cities, where man's work predominated, we were again to enjoy nature's scenery and here on the Rhine we met the moon all unchanged by its complete revolution.

The Rhine, in spite of descriptions of travellers, had been to me only a river on the map of Europe, noted for its scenery and castles, and not until we had passed the frontier with its little custom house, and drew up at the station of a city whose identity was proclaimed by two lacy cathedral spires rising darkly against the twilight sky, did this gem of German landscape become a watery reality. After our six hour ride from Brussels any place would have looked pleasant, and Cologne was one of the goals to which our eyes were directed. But more of the city later.

The day selected for the trip up the river dawned clear and bright, with just enough soft clouds in the sky to enhance the charm of the scenery; a perfect day, fully appreciated by the party who had thus far known little else than rain. Between Cologne and Bonn there is little to awaken interest, so we used our eyes in taking note of our surroundings. On the commodious and shaded deck of the "Deutscher Kaiser" was an expectant company of English and Americans, but principally the latter. Our party, increased by a happy chance meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Lyman Abbott, occupied the bow, from which a fine view in every direction was possible. With panoramas of the river in hand and Miss Denio in our midst to tell or translate the legend of each place as we came to it, we felt prepared to fix the scene in our minds and sketch-books.

From the many names of villages and castles which recall to every one who has seen them some especially interesting feature, I can only select a few, and must content myself with the mere mention of them. No adequate idea of such a succession of pictures as one gets on the Rhine can be obtained from a description, however graphic. They must be seen to be appreciated. Meanwhile we have left Cologne behind, and see on our right the closely clustered buildings of Bonn, among which we recognize some belonging to the University. On we wind, between green banks and sloping vineyards and tiny villages dotted here and there. Just ahead rises a mountain, higher than its fellows, and determined to attract attention. As the river curves in and out, Königswinter dodges from one bank to the other and appears at times to stand in the middle of the stream. As we approach, it retreats, always beckoning us on and then springing out of reach. But at last we overtake it, admire its beauty and turn to watch as it unwillingly recedes into the distance. Now we are nearing the castles, and the eye must be on the alert to see them all as they spring into view as if by magic on each side of the river. The mind cannot

imagine a more romantic spot. The picturesque ruins capping green-clad hills harmonize perfectly with the legends attached to almost every one. We revel in the brave knights and their lovely ladies, and would not for anything change them for real people. In one place the hills, converted into vineyards, rise from the river bank, in another they draw back to make room for a peaceful village between their foot and the shore.

Passing Apollinaris church, Rheineck castle and Andernach on the right, we arrive at Coblenz, situated at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine. A bridge spans the Rhine at Coblenz, whose arches are too low for our steamer to pass under, but ere we reach it, the bridge divides, one part steaming out into the river and back into place as soon as we are on the other side. Opposite Coblenz is the grand old fortress Ehrenbreitstein, the summer residence of Empress Augusta. Here the approach of an enemy was rendered impossible by the walls and towers on different levels which connect the summit of the hill with the river below.

A little farther on we come to Stolzenfels, the Royal Dowager's castle, distinguished from the others by paintings in terra cotta shades upon its exterior, and Rheinfels, the largest of the ruined castles, and the Mouse and the Cat, the one not much smaller than the other. We can scarcely notice the battlements and solid round towers, for the Lorelei is in sight. Some one starts the song and many join, singing English words or no words at all, but with a will which would have delighted the soul of a German. In this lonely, quiet place, under the overhanging rock, we heard in imagination the plaintive midnight song of the maiden whose story is connected with the spot.

On both banks near the water's edge, railroad tracks have followed us in all our course, often losing themselves in the heart of the hills, but soon emerging from the tunnel on the other side. Several slowly moving freight trains, made up of American-looking cars make me forget for a moment that I am not at home, but the appearance of a canal boat drawn by women, while men enjoy their pipes on deck, recalls the fact.

The churches of Oberwesel and Bacharach, the royal chapel at Rheinfels, the six sided Pfalz in the middle of the river, doubtless erected as a toll-house, the massive quadrangular Mouse Tower also in the water, the round Romanesque tower of Ehrenfels, are all passed, before we stop at Bingen. Here we leave the "Deutscher Kaiser" to hurry on to Heidelberg by rail, but not until we have seen the National Monument which has been erected on a commanding site across the river from Bingen. Schilling's "Germania," with one hand uplifted, stands on her sculptured pedestal about half way up the Niederwald, protecting all that part of the river.

Our evening ride to Heidelberg, made memorable by the fear that two of our number were lost or left behind at Darmstadt, terminated in a happy reunion as the lost emerged from one of the rear carriages, in blissful unconsciousness of our anxiety on their account. My first view of the castle, an imperfect one, was from a window in the town, just as the moon appeared from behind a mass of dark cloud, and bathed the hill in soft silvery light. My second view was much less satisfactory. With the morning came not a ray of sunshine, but a steady drenching rain, which showed no sign of giving place to fair weather all day. We had no time to waste, and the castle must be visited that day or not at all. A weary climb up the wet hill filled us with an overwhelming sense of personal discomfort, which forbade the enjoyment of any thing in the Museum or the wine cellars. Outside the rain drops filled our eyes and blotted out the river view, which we had long coveted. Disappointed and disgusted we turned homeward as soon as carriages could be found to take us. But the most vexatious thing was yet to come. In less than half an hour after our return to the hotel, the sun took his accustomed place in the zenith, and smiled upon us in his most tantalizing manner, as if to say, "Don't you wish you had waited?" If all's well that ends well then the Heidelberg experience must be counted a marked success; for the roads quickly dried, the foliage was brighter after the rain, our spirits soon revived under the warming and drying influence of the sun, and our perseverance was rewarded by a final realization of all our hopes.

At an orchestral concert in the large Stadthall of Mainz, I first had occasion to notice the Germans' love of Music. From my seat in the balcony I looked down through a medium of thick tobacco smoke, upon rows of white covered tables, on which were hats and bottles belonging to the people sitting there. The audience was not such as one would expect to find at a classical concert in America. Soldiers in black and red uniforms, young men with their "girls," and ruddy-faced men filled the benches around the long tables, talking, laughing, and drinking, while the waiters moved about popping corks in every part of the hall. The balcony was reserved for ladies and gentlemen who did not desire refreshment, but there smoking was not prohibited. Two of my neighbors, never thinking that tobacco smoke might be unpleasant to ladies, puffed away until it

seemed as if I must be suffocated. But when the music commenced, all over the house, upstairs and down, there was silence and the most profound attention, and at the end of the finely rendered solos and choruses, rounds of applause attested universal appreciation and enjoyment. There was not one present but seemed to feel the power of the music, and all through a long programme their interest never flagged.

There was scarcely time to see the famous Romanesque Cathedral before we left Mainz for another trip on the muddy Rhine back to Cologne. Too much has been written and said about this city for me to think of adding anything. It was simply our good fortune to see with our own eyes what others have often described, and in the little time at our disposal we went the rounds. To behold the south side of Cologne Cathedral is to feast upon architectural beauty; to obtain an unobstructed view of nave and choir from the western portals is to gain some idea of the length of its interior; to climb the hundreds of winding stairs is to realize painfully the height of its wondrous towers; and to visit its treasury is to see its relics and wealth of gold and gems.

In the Museum hangs Richter's "Queen Louise," known and loved by every daughter of Wellesley. More beautiful in this than in the portraits of the old schloss in Berlin, her sweet face and dignified, graceful figure do not suffer from superfluous details. The utmost simplicity prevails in arrangement and coloring. The golden star above her forehead, the golden embroidery on her gown, her dainty pink girdle and rich blue velvet mantle are the only touches of color, but the effect is wonderfully beautiful.

Of course we went to St. Ursula's church, and saw countless bones of martyred virgins or of lower animals, and the absurd paintings of Ursula's life by Hans Memling. Nor did we fail to visit the original Johann Maria Farina's establishment, when we discovered which was the right one. But nowhere did I discern the filth in the streets, or the proverbial forty-nine distinct odors. The rains of early summer must have accomplished at least one good thing, the cleansing of Cologne.

## Our Outlook.

In the laboratories of the University of Jena, Germany, are three lady students at work, studying chemistry and physics. All three are Americans,—Misses Martha Sturgis, of Muskegon, Mich., Gertrude Fromholz, of Lowoke, Ark., and Jessa J. Pearson, of Xenia, O.

The Earl of Salisbury, prime minister of England, took occasion, in his address before an audience of some 6000 people in Edinburgh, recently, to speak as follows: "I earnestly hope the day is not far distant when women also will bear their share in voting for members in the political world, and in determining the policy of the country. I can conceive no argument by which they are excluded. It is obvious that they are abundantly as fit as many who now possess suffrage, by knowledge, by training and by character; and their influence is likely to weigh in a direction which, in an age so material as ours, is exceedingly valuable—namely, in the direction of morality and religion."

## THE OHIO WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

It seemed fitting that Ohio should be the first state to organize a Woman's Council, and prophetic that it should be organized this centennial year upon her centennial grounds. It was also fitting that the women should have chosen the Prohibition day at the Centennial as the one upon which the organization should be completed, giving promise of the time when women shall be as free as men are to work out their own destiny, and that men shall be freed from the curse of the saloon.

The purpose of the state, like that of the National Council, is to widen woman's horizon, correct the tendency to an exaggerated impression of one's own work as compared with that of others, and, above all, put the wisdom and expert experience of each to the service of all.

In response to the call several societies responded: The Medical, Legal, Press Association, Knights of Labor, W. C. T. U., Missionary, Daughters of Rebecca, Equal Suffrage Society, and Woman's Relief Corps. Large delegations came from Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Chillicothe and other cities.

The Council was organized under a constitution similar to that of the National Council, with Dr. Orpha D. Baldwin of Cleveland as president, and Dr. Juliette Monroe Thorpe of Cincinnati as secretary. Miss Susan B. Anthony, vice president of the National Council, and Rev. Anna H. Shaw, were present and assisted in forming the Council. Report in the Union Signal.

The example of Ohio will no doubt be followed by many other states, while the formation of the Chicago League shows what the large cities may be expected to do. And greater than any state or city association is the permanent organization of the National Woman's Council. No one can read the constitution of this National Council without perceiving that those who framed it have a masterly grasp of the situation in respect to what is possible and what is desirable in organization. The day is come when women who are wise and see from afar join hands

"For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the great home in the distance,  
And the good that we can do."

## Inter-Collegiate News.

There are more than 300 Arabic books in the Harvard College Library.

65,728 is the number of students enrolled in the 365 colleges in the United States.

England has only one college paper edited by undergraduates, *The Review*, which is published at Oxford.

One million dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a college at Washington, D. C., for the education of Indians.

W. J. Barnwell, an English mathematician, claims to have squared the circle after fifteen years' work. His solution is eight figures, which, in concrete shape, form a perfect cyclometer.

Harvard was founded 250 years ago; William and Mary, in Virginia, 196; Yale, 188; Princeton, 142; University of Pennsylvania, 189; Columbia, 134; Brown, 124; Dartmouth, 119; and Rutgers, 118.

The students of the Harvard Annex for 1888-89 come from an unusually extensive range. There are three from Honolulu, and others from San Francisco, St. Louis, Kentucky, Virginia, New York and Connecticut.

At Bryn Mawr no musical instruments are allowed in the college buildings. No doubt this will have a tendency to increase the number of students, and perhaps the far-sighted Faculty had this in view when they made such a law.

When Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster General of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no tabbies." This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year at the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.

How would the Freshmen like to have the rules of 1774 in vogue today? "Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper errand or message required of him by any one in an upper class, which if he shall refuse to do he shall be punished. No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard, except it rains, hails or snows, he be on horseback, or hath both hands full. No Freshman shall be saucy to his senior, or speak to him with his hat on. No Freshman should intrude into his senior's company. The Freshmen are to find the rest of the students with bats, balls and foot-balls."—Ex.

Man may be compared to a garden, the understanding to light and the will to heat. In the winter time a garden is in light but not at the same time in heat; but in the time of summer it is in light and heat together. And thus a man who is only in the light of the understanding is like a garden in time of winter, but he who is in the light of understanding and at the same time in the warmth of the will is like a garden in summer. Moreover, the understanding is wise from spiritual light, and the will loves from spiritual heat, for spiritual light is Divine Wisdom, and spiritual heat is Divine Love.

SWEDENBORG.

I meddle not with infinity or eternity; when I can understand them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labor. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface.

LANDOR.



# THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, . . . \$1.80.

## Editors.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80, EDITH SOUTHER TUFTS, '84,  
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ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.  
Editorial Contributors.  
PROF. ELLEN A. HAYES, MARION A. ELY, '83,  
ANGIE PECK, '00.  
Publisher.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, NATICK, MASS.

Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

## "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgotten?"

Margaret Algae, '88, is teaching in the High School at Berlin, Wis.  
Emma W. Emerson, student at Wellesley '86-'88, is teaching in the Academy at South Berwick, Maine.

Students at Wellesley during the years '82-'84 will read with interest the following notice from a recent copy of the New York Tribune:

"An exceedingly pretty home wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, No. 176 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, at noon yesterday. The contracting parties were Miss Antoinette Carter, younger daughter of Walter S. Carter, and Charles Evans Hughes, one of the leaders of the junior bar of New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. C. Hughes, of the Trinity Baptist church of this city, father of the bridegroom. The happy couple started for a short Southern bridal tour, and on their return will live in this city."

Miss Evelyn Hall, '79, principal of Mr. Moody's school at Northfield, Mass., has been spending a few days with Miss Montague at the Freeman.

## The Wide, Wide World.

Dec. 4.—Rumor from the Upper Niger that Stanley is proceeding among friendly tribes. France offers the Pope a refuge in the event of a conflict between France and Italy. Mr. Bright is worse. A great transportation route is to be opened into the interior of Brazil by a syndicate of North American capitalists. Senate Finance Committee hold hearings on the tariff.

Dec. 5.—Lord Randolph Churchill arraigns the Government for exposing British soldiers in Suakin; government barely escapes defeat. Debate on the Senate substitute for the Home Tariff Bill begins. Mr. Springer brings forward in the House his "Omnibus" bill for the admission of new states. The eight hour law considered by the House. A new treaty concluded with the Southern Ute Indians in Colorado. Reports that Chinamen are secretly making their way into this country. Another California stage is plundered by the notorious "Black Bart."

Dec. 6.—An attempt made to blow up the Paris Registry Office with dynamite. French Chamber of Deputies approves report of committee in favor of another trial for M. Wilson. Gen. Boulanger confident that his party will be victorious in the general election. Direct tax bill under discussion in the House. Failure of the Commission to induce the Sioux to dispose of their land for settlement causes introduction of a bill compelling Indians to relinquish their lands at double the rate provided by the last Congress.

Dec. 7.—Earthquake shock in Canada. Pension Appropriation bill, just completed by sub-committee of the House, appropriates \$81,761,500. A company has petitioned for the right to build and operate an elevated railway in Boston.

Dec. 8.—A syndicate formed to lay another Atlantic cable. Secretary Whitney instructs Commander of the N. Y. Navy Yard to prepare three vessels of war to go to Hayti. The President issues orders extending the civil service rules and regulations to the railway mail service. The Board of Trade and City Council of Helena, Mont., adopt resolutions demanding the admission of Montana to the Union.

Dec. 9.—The Spanish ministry resigns. The Belgian strikers resort to violence. Unusually severe weather in Mexico. N. S. steamer sails from N. Y. for Hayti with sealed orders. Riot at Birmingham, Ala., 10 killed; 30 wounded.

Dec. 10.—Sharp fighting on the Zanzibar coast. King Tamasise is still besieged in Samoa. A new Spanish ministry formed. An attempt made to blow up a Chicago distillery. Troops are ordered to Bevier, Mo., the scene of recent riots.

## Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Confused Republican coming from Mr. Walker's lecture:

"If only, before the election,  
I had known that Free Trade was perfection,  
I'd have turned on my toes,  
Made friends of my foes,  
And altered the vote in this section."

Same student later coming from Dr. Steele's lecture:

"How fortunate is the election!  
How noble the cause of protection!  
To think of my woes,  
Had I gone with my foes!  
I should be in a state of dejection."

H. B.

Conversation between the Professor of Zoölogy and the elevator girl:  
Prof. "Mary Ann, will you have the kindness to bring me a foot-bath?"

Mary Ann. "A what, Ma'am?"

Prof. "A foot-bath! Don't you know what that is?"

Mary Ann. "No Ma'am, please; I never studied Zoölogy."

Silk handkerchiefs, folded on the bias and coiled closely around the neck, have been the prevailing style at Stone Hall. We don't approve.

Miss Y. went home with Miss R. to spend Sunday.

Miss R. to her Little Sister. "Wouldn't you like to have Miss Y. for your auntie?"

Little Sister. "No! I think I would like her for my grandma, though."

## A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

And this is the Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation! Ha! What's this I see? Let me look closer. "Putting aside our usual cares and occupations." No abluting crockery for me! But hush! Is the Domestic Department under the control of the Governor or some other Case? That is the question.

## REPOSE.

SCENE I. The chapel platform. Class in Elocution.

Prof. "Sternum high! Minds concentrated on the diaphragm! Ready! Now!! Drop the lower jaw!! (A series of yawning chasms is instantly revealed.) Well done! Miss Z., you may be encouraged. All you need is more repose."

SCENE II. Student's room. Miss Z. alone with her room-mate.

Room-mate. "What makes you look so happy this evening?"

Miss Z. "You know I'm from the country and never had any opportunities, but the Professor of Elocution gives me great encouragement as to my talent for the stage. All I need is a little repose, she says. Accordingly I shall retire at once. It is seven o'clock. Good night!" (The curtain falls. Soon the sounds of diaphragmatic breathing are heard. She has dropped her lower jaw in repose.)

One little fly  
I did espy  
At my Thanksgiving dinner.  
Thought I: "You little sinner!  
How did you thrive  
And keep alive  
When bees had left the clover,  
When summer's days were over?  
Through cold and wet,  
Through trials worse yet—  
Fly papers that so many stuck  
You passed. Now is it your luck  
To have a feast,  
You little beast!  
But you deserve the same as I,  
Come, fellow fly, and share my pie."

## College Notes.

On Monday evening there was given at the Eliot an old-fashioned tea in honor of Mrs. Jones' birthday, Miss Eastman and Miss Ferry of Dana Hall, with Miss Peabody, for thirty years the principal of the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, being the guests of the occasion.

The Society of the Second Congregational Church held a farewell reception for Rev. Dr. Duryea last Wednesday evening, in the chapel of the church.

Miss Sara A. Emerson, the associate professor of Latin, who is spending her leave of absence in Southbridge, Mass., is reported as improving in health and expecting to return to the college for the work of the second semester.

Rev. W. H. Noyes and wife, who go as missionaries to Japan under the direction of the Berkeley Street church, were given a reception and farewell service at the church last Friday evening.

Ellen A. Hayes, professor of mathematics in Wellesley College, recently gave the students a talk on the Woman's International Council. Miss Hayes' report of what she saw and heard in Washington was enthusiastically received. There is this year at Wellesley a new and rapidly growing interest in woman suffrage.—*Woman's Journal*, Dec. 8.

The humiliated proof-reader begs to state, apropos of the last COURANT, that Miss Blakeslee wears the colors of '91, and that Miss Ayer drew upon mechanical imagery, and not physiological, in her remarks concerning the young graduate who is eager to apply the force of her little lever to the burdens of the world.

Among those whom Wellesley has recently welcomed as visitors are three representatives of Japan, Mr. Bumpai Takagi, Mr. Sakuro Tanabe, Mr. Eisuke Nakamura, (New York). Mr. Takagi and Mr. Tanabe are from Kioto, which, under the name of Saikio (Western Capital), was recognized as the capital from A. D. 793 until after the Civil War, 1868, when the present Emperor came to Tokio and established himself there. Mr. Tanabe is a civil engineer, graduated from the Technical University in Tokio, and has been superintending the great water works of Lake Biwa, about three miles from Kioto. Biwa means a stringed musical instrument, and the lake was so called on account of its shape. This lake is the delight and admiration of all who have visited it. Mr. Tanabe with Mr. Takagi came to this country to investigate the water works here, and they expect to go to Europe next year. They have enjoyed their visit at the College very much. KIN KATO of Boston.

## WELLESLEY POST OFFICE.

### MAILS ARRIVE.

Boston and East—6.00, 7.45, 9.00 A. M.; 3.00, 6.35 P. M.  
Way Stations—7.45, 9.00 A. M.; 3.00 P. M.  
West and South—6.00, 10.30 A. M.; 2.30 P. M.  
Western Mass.—6.00, 10.30 A. M.; 2.30 P. M.  
Northern Div. O. C. R. R.—6.45 P. M.  
South Natick—8.00 A. M.; 4.30 P. M.  
College—5.00, 11.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M.

### MAILS CLOSE.

Boston and East—7.35, 10.15 A. M.; 4.15, 6.30 P. M.  
Way Stations—10.15 A. M.; 2.15, 6.30 P. M.  
West and South—8.45 A. M.; 2.30, 5.40, 10.30 P. M.  
Western Mass.—8.45 A. M.; 2.30, 5.40, 10.30 P. M.  
Northern Div. O. C. R. R. and Vermont—7.30 A. M.  
South Natick—8.30 A. M.; 4.30 P. M.  
College—8.15 A. M.; 4.20 P. M.  
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